



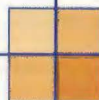
# QUEST

Quest 2001



Volume 4 • Spring 2001

Lynn University Literary Magazine



# QUEST

## Quest 2001

Quest is an annual literary and arts journal for students and faculty of Lynn University. Unfortunately, we missed last year, but we're back and hope the return proves worthwhile. Poetry, short stories, essays, and artwork are supposed to be accepted for consideration beginning in the fall of each year; however, for this issue, volume 4, the editor considered work submitted up to the beginning of April. Much of the poetry for this issue comes from the fall 2000 Creative Writing class. The class discussed producing some sort of publication highlighting the best work from that class, and the editor has been sitting on this material until time, chance, and other subalterns of fate allowed him the opportunity to begin working with these materials. After sending out the call for further submissions, the editor gathered the goods and now delivers this publication. Assuming that this issue is well received and that this journal or some kindred spirit continues to exist next year, please forward all future submissions to the Office of Arts and Social Sciences at Freiburger Hall, attention Quest.

*Jeff Morgan*

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# QUEST



# MATH for POETS

(a.k.a. VERSE WITH AN EQUAL SIGN)

There's been a desperate behest  
For the magazine Quest.  
Please do not meander  
Or be a bystander.  
So I'll do my very best  
To give math problems a rest  
And put finger to keyboard  
With some inspiration  
And much perspiration.  
Before you know it,  
You've got a math poet.

If you know your math history,  
It is no mystery  
That Fermat had a theory  
Of which math people were leery.  
For three centuries it remained unsolved,  
But several years ago it was resolved.  
In the 1990's after a decade of delirium  
Andrew Wiles  
Was all smiles  
As he solved Fermat's last theorem.

No doubt right-angled triangle Pythagoras  
Was really incredulous  
When he reduced all sides to squares,  
And now nobody cares  
If the sides are whole numbers or a fraction  
Because there is no longer adverse reaction  
To a power or exponent.  
One no longer becomes a proponent  
Of avoiding a dreaded exponent.

There is very little credibility  
In calculating the probability  
Of data which is statistical.  
You can go ballistical  
If you have the gumption  
To make any kind of assumption  
In any hypothesis which is real  
With a confidence level of any zeal.  
To make matters worse  
A solution which is complex  
Will trigger a bad reflex.

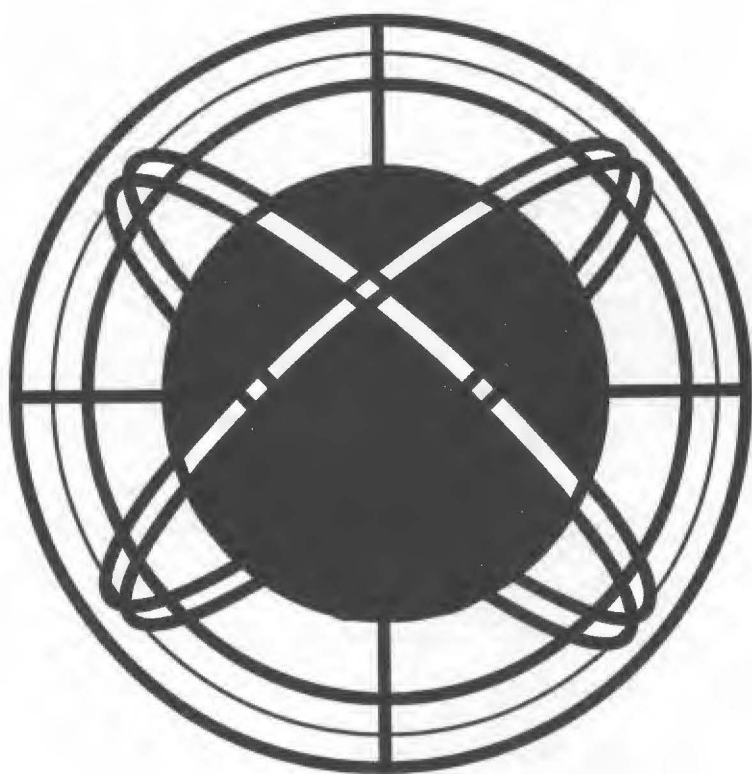
In the matters of fractals and chaos,  
Do we care if the pattern starts here or in Laos?  
Can the solution be one for calculus,  
Or is it perfectly ridiculous  
To hope there is some testimonial  
To solving the problem with a polynomial?

Or do we assume a rhythm like pentameter  
With a more simple mathematical parameter?

With very little persuasion  
I'll return to solving that equation.  
That's the end of the diatribe  
By your mathematical scribe.

Lionel Rosen

Lionel Rosen



The *Interdisciplinary* Heart:  
Against The Academy  
for Blaine

What feels  
can't be contained,  
framed, or locked  
in sonnets, entirely:  
music escapes  
all definition  
when rhythm moves us  
to dance,  
instead of sit  
and woodenly listen. . .

Ask Whistler, Milton,  
Debussy,  
who carved nocturnes  
out of the heart's darkness;  
what strictured will  
could hold in check  
such brooding, humane art?

Or Augustine crying,  
after the light,  
"No center, no circumference,  
but everywhere. . ."

We stare down  
the Academy, Blaine,  
who dare the sentient blood,  
that unbound pulse  
by which we count our living days. . .

For night comes soon,  
and what a hateful waste  
to rule the river so there is no flood,  
no outflow, quick, of tears or joy,  
  
no artless art of love.

Jon Lang



# Feeding Grounds

I AM AN INCUBATOR,  
A PLACE FOR these DEMONS to Breed.  
Hate, JEALOUSY, vengeance, DESPAIR,  
They Live inside Me, AND  
Feed Off MY DYING emotions.  
They, too, feel NO remorse,  
NO Pity on the POOR MORTAL who IS  
groveling At their feet,  
BEGGING them to Cease their torments,  
ASKING for A WAY out,  
ASKING for A SECOND Chance.

REBECCA SLOSBERG

# Remembering Her Family

The child looked at her father's eyes.  
From that moment on she knew she was safe.  
Her family had given her a safety net.  
They would always protect her from harm.

It did not take long for her to grow in age.  
She learned independence and began to change.  
She stumbled away from her family by mistake.  
This was how she was to learn.

Walls grew around the daughter.  
Her family could not get to her.  
She fell further and further away.  
But then something made her life change.

She now knew the way to hell and vowed never again.  
She was back in her family's arms.  
She battled the evil and eventually won.

Her body was battered but her spirit was all right.  
Never again will she forget her dark prison.  
It was so dark, and she realized what was missing most.  
She had lost sight of her family's arms.  
And in that same darkness she had lost her father's eyes.

Charlotte Watlington

Nevermind

Nevermind  
What I said.  
I'm just dreaming  
About something I  
Forgot  
When I was too young  
To understand.  
What I mean is all I am.  
Is all I am  
Is to be  
Here?

Kristina Catmen

# My *smiles* are True now

My smiles are True now.

Today life seems new.

I dwell not on the worries and problems  
Of this short life.

They get up and fly from me,  
Resting in the dark crevices of my  
Battle-scarred mind,

The veil of which bears no sign to what  
End these things plague me.

I travel on; the weight of the sun suppressed  
By the ghost wind

That blows fruit tree blessings for some  
To find.

A single, green, leaf floats hurriedly down  
To its beginnings,

And I, with an outstretched hand,  
Pluck it from the earth and put it in me.

Ryan Barker

# Dancing

The freedom of the movement  
The racing of the feet,  
My emotions are in constant motion.  
My feelings are running about.

I see my self as free.  
I get all the anger out of my heart.  
Soon my frustrations run away,  
And my mind is all about.

I feel high on happiness,  
And I know that this is true  
Because I found my happy place  
As I dance all about.

Lizzie Stonberg

## *Don't be scared*

*Close your eyes.  
Take a deep breath in.  
Exhale.*

*Relax.  
I am telling you relax.  
It will be ok.*

*Look around.  
See what you have.  
Don't be afraid.  
Ask for help.  
Your friend will always offer a helping hand.*

*Lizzie Stonberg*

# Shut out

in a second's notice

Shut out in a second's notice,  
Not word, just slamming me, shutting me out.  
Shush!Shush!  
Tear of fright streaming down my porcelain face.  
Look back now.  
It's all sunshine.

Annie Stuhlmuller

## Wait till *morning*

A cool, windy, fall evening.  
Mom is cooking his favorite, lamb chops.  
My brother and I wearily set the table.

The meal was called for 6:00.  
The clock keeps slowly ticking till 8.  
He stumbles in with a stupid silly grin.  
Can he even focus?

Stories of the day fill my head.  
The chance to let him in on my day has passed.  
Lamb chops are cold and mom excuses herself quietly from  
The pre-planned dinner. With his potent breath and slit eyes  
He excuses himself; the couch is calling.

With clenched fists and a pain in my heart, I begin to clear  
Away yet another untouched meal. I take my thoughts  
And stories and put them in my pocket. Maybe in the morning he'll  
Hear my voice. But it all starts over the next day.

A cool, windy fall evening.  
Mom is cooking his favorite, lamb chops.  
My brother and I wearily set the table.

Jamie Pierce

Annie Stuhlmuller • Jamie Pierce



Graciela Helguero

# H e l p l e s s b y M o m

I kneel distressed by mom, and  
Lonely tears slowly form.  
I pray for drug free love, and  
My captive cries comprise a storm.

She abruptly denies and believes in her lies  
Under painkiller's rule.  
I peer through her baby blue eyes,  
Mistaking my youth as her fool.

I long to escape, but love handcuffs,  
So I plead for cleansing light.  
See, every night you waste a pill  
You deteriorate my young stuck life.

Mommy, please, let me be your son, and  
Clear free these unconscious nights.  
I'd bleed faith to revive your soul,  
So quit falling to codeine's knife.

As I wipe her cold tears, she fears mine,  
Drowned in guilt, my love's blindly shunned.  
Two dark hearts beat, mine to hers and hers to sleep,  
And swamped in pain I remain one desolate son.

Justin Obront

# Princess,

that's what everyone calls me

Princess, that's what everyone calls me,  
But where's my prince.  
I've kissed many frogs in my day,  
But still no prince charming to sweep me away.  
Hopefully I won't be a princess for the rest of my life.  
I'll keep waiting though  
Until it's my time,  
But till then I guess I better pucker up  
And kiss the next frog in line.

Sasha Mitchell

## This evening

*This evening at the dinner table as you leaned over to give me a kiss  
Your eyelash fell into my wine glass.*

*I didn't tell you  
But drank it down  
With one last sip  
And thought of the ecstasy it brings  
To have a part of you  
Inside me.*

Alyson Weisel

## Plastic Love

Why can't love be made out of plastic?  
That way it would last forever.  
When it is dropped, it would bounce back and not break.

Love seems to be made out of glass.  
When it is dropped, it shatters and cuts, causing large amounts of pain without the hopes  
Of ever being made whole again.  
Why can't love be made out of plastic?  
Just like Tupperware to hold us sealed within it,  
Fresh and new forever.

Alyson Weisel



## OLD LETTERS *and* PHOTOS IN A MEMORY BOX

OLD LETTERS AND PHOTOS IN A MEMORY BOX,  
TEARS DRIVEN BY QUESTIONS,  
LIKE AMBITION, THEY WON'T STOP.  
IN MY SOUL IS HEART.

LOVE TO ME IS LIKE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS,  
OPEN TO FREE      CARNAVALS OF MONEY.

BROKE VENDORS LIKE ME  
EXPRESS FROM THE HEART.  
MATERIAL THINGS ARE TRANSLUCENT.

WHY DOES MY MIND PLAY TRICKS ON ME?

SOUND LIKE JUST ANOTHER QUESTION BLOWING  
BEHIND THE WIND.

SLIM TO NOTHING  
ARE YOUR ODDS.  
MAYBE, TRY AGAIN.

THIS YEAR'S SANTA  
WILL BRING YOU A NOTE PAD  
AND A PEN.  
RICH-> THEN YOU SPEND.  
LONELY-> THEN HAVE A FRIEND.

TRUE DEFINITIONS MOVE IN.  
BLEND, SMOOTH TOGETHER, DEMANDING NO. . . .

END

Keith Palmer

## A *Life* Story

*There was this girl named Helena,  
And all of the boys claimed to have seen her.  
The fun that they have described  
Was funny to her eyes  
Because she has no knowledge of who came to meet her.*

*Kelandre Moore*

## PERCEPTIONS

Perceptions

She looks like.  
He smiles like.  
Her behavior says that she might.

He says that he is going to.  
Her dress says she's ready to.  
He walks like he is intending to.

Her eyes say that she is.  
His talk says that he is.  
I heard that she was.  
I heard that he was.

How do you know?  
Did you ever care?  
Do you know the truth?  
Character, Appearance,  
Perceptions.

Kelandre Moore



Dean Wilson

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## FOOD *for* THOUGHT

AND ALL THE CHILDREN IN AFRICA SAY,  
"YUMMY IN MY TUMMY"  
WHEN THE PAIN GOES AWAY.

MIA SELLIS

## I hunt buffalo

I hunt buffalo  
Across the plains.  
The beasts still  
Call me brother.  
My feet are bare  
Upon the ground.  
I'm one with nature,  
Living in the hands  
Of God.  
I'm free, but plagued  
With a great sadness,  
For I am the last  
Of my people.

Raul Cintron

# THANK YOU FOR MY STATUE

Thank you for my statue,  
I know it's my reward  
For all the cheer I've brought you —  
An Academy Award!  
I want to thank Aunt Hester,  
I'm thanking Uncle Lou  
And all the other actors  
In my category, too.  
I've brought this little notebook —  
Or rather this long scroll —  
So I'll remember everyone  
Who gave me this great role.  
I want to thank my husband,  
My children who obeyed,  
The writers and directors  
Of every role I've played.  
Thank you Steven Spielberg,  
Thank you Meryl Streep,  
You didn't win it this year —  
Now it's YOUR turn to weep!  
Thank you Julia Roberts —  
Sorry that you rue it,  
Thank you Steven Soderbergh,  
You didn't let her do it!  
It isn't Laura Linney,  
It isn't Judi Dench,  
It's ME they're picking this year —  
Can't you be a mensch!  
It won't be Ellen Burstyn,  
Joan Allen or Tom Hanks,  
Before my makeup worsens  
I must extend my thanks  
To everyone who ever lived  
And what is twice as odd,  
Although I am a humanist  
I'm also thanking God!  
What, it's NOT my statue?  
You'd push me off the stage?  
You'd mangle me and my new dress,  
You'd do that at MY age?  
I've camped here for a hundred years,  
I've always hoped to win it;  
I haven't got a film career  
But now I shall begin it!  
Thank you for my statue —  
At least I thought I'd try —  
Before you push me off the stage  
Here's mud in your eye!

Helen Bennett

Helen Bennett

# San Francisco

*San Francisco  
Is the place for me.  
Its beautiful lights are all that I see.  
The Golden Gate Bridge  
Whistles and sings  
The sweetest of melodies.  
The hills with their greens  
Are everywhere to be seen.  
I don't know a person  
Who doesn't feel their serenity  
When they arrive in the San Francisco scene.  
The city is perfect.  
It's all I need.  
I love San Francisco.  
It's the place for me.*

Annie Stuhlmuller

## AT ROCKPORT

I sit on rocks and feel the pull of distance  
Succumbing to the song the ocean sings.  
At once I am fragments and I am whole.

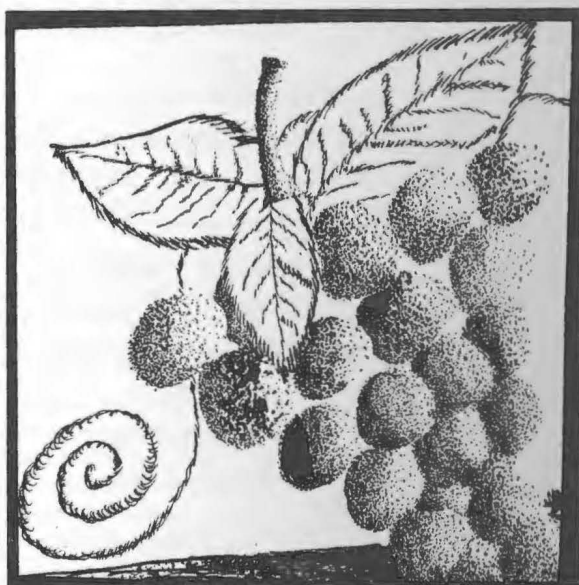
I recall a childhood when two boys played –  
Challenging waves and rocks. Their shouting rings  
Shrilly even now down melancholic halls  
Of memory. Where has my brother gone?

Daphne and I made love here on a rock.  
Barely more than children, we thought our lives  
Entwined until divergent paths beckoned.

I watched my daughter clambering these rocks  
I remember how her young body strived  
In our race to the end of the jetty.  
Of course she won. But that time too has gone.

On rocks I ease into the peace of distance;  
Sweet nostalgia plays while the ocean sings.  
In the fragments I confirm existence.

Gene Martel



# Rain is my healer

Rain is my healer.  
It sometimes trembles down my face  
To soothe me in my pains.  
The energy is lifted,  
So all I can see  
Is the beautiful world  
That rain has given to me.

Annie Stuhlmuller

## *Rain*

*It dances around the street,  
Looks like a ballet that the heavens are displaying.  
You run and jump in the puddles.  
There is a pretty sound when it lands.  
The sound is so peaceful.  
It is like being in another world,  
Running around feeling young.  
Splash, Splash,  
You are dripping wet.  
How fun is the rain.*

*Ginger Wortley*



## *S t r a w b e r r y*

Hidden,  
In an old cemetery,  
Among the stones,  
Wild strawberries grow.

Together  
We gather beneath the clouds  
Collecting,  
For the final journey home.

Cradled,  
In your tiny palm, round basket,  
Ready to hold,  
Harvested in a lifetime of hunger.

Jamie Pierce

## **PINE CONE**

Tongues in tens, no,  
Hundreds protrude  
In all directions,  
Tasting my touch.

Soft skin, velvet  
Surface, laps my fingers.  
In rumination,  
I feel their words

From dark throat  
Where tongues attach.  
In meditation,  
I hear their words,

An artless mantra,  
Now in supplication,  
Now in celebration:  
"Hear me, hear my being,  
Hear the life I was,  
Hear the life I bear."  
They touch my soul,  
And when I wake, I prize.

**Gene Martel**

## Squirrel, squirrel with your long, **bushy** tail

Squirrel, squirrel with your long, bushy tail,  
Looking for nuts in the cold winter air.  
I have to give you my affirmation  
For such dedicated determination.

Kristina Catmen

## *Butterfly, butterfly*

*Butterfly, butterfly  
Soaring so high,  
Only a few weeks to explore  
The immense blue sky.*

Kristina Catmen

## *Water falling from streams*

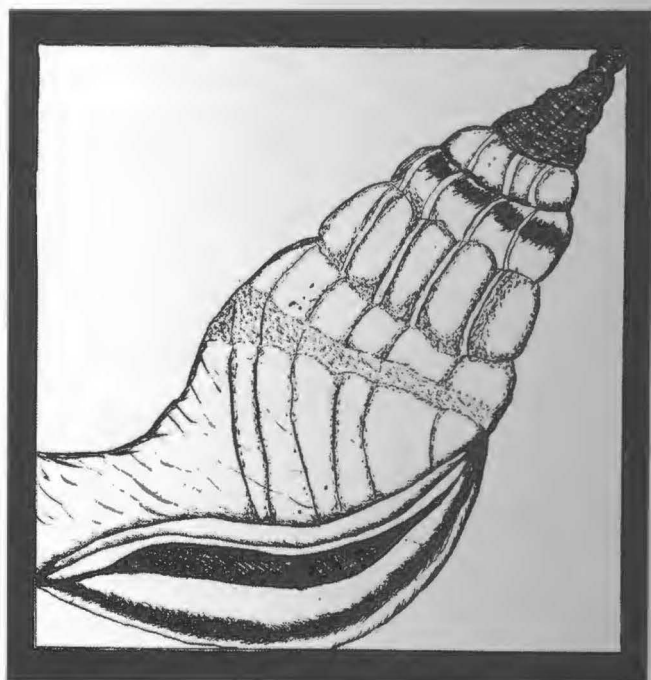
*Water falling from streams  
Down mountain sides,  
So cold, so refreshing.  
Life is but a dream.*

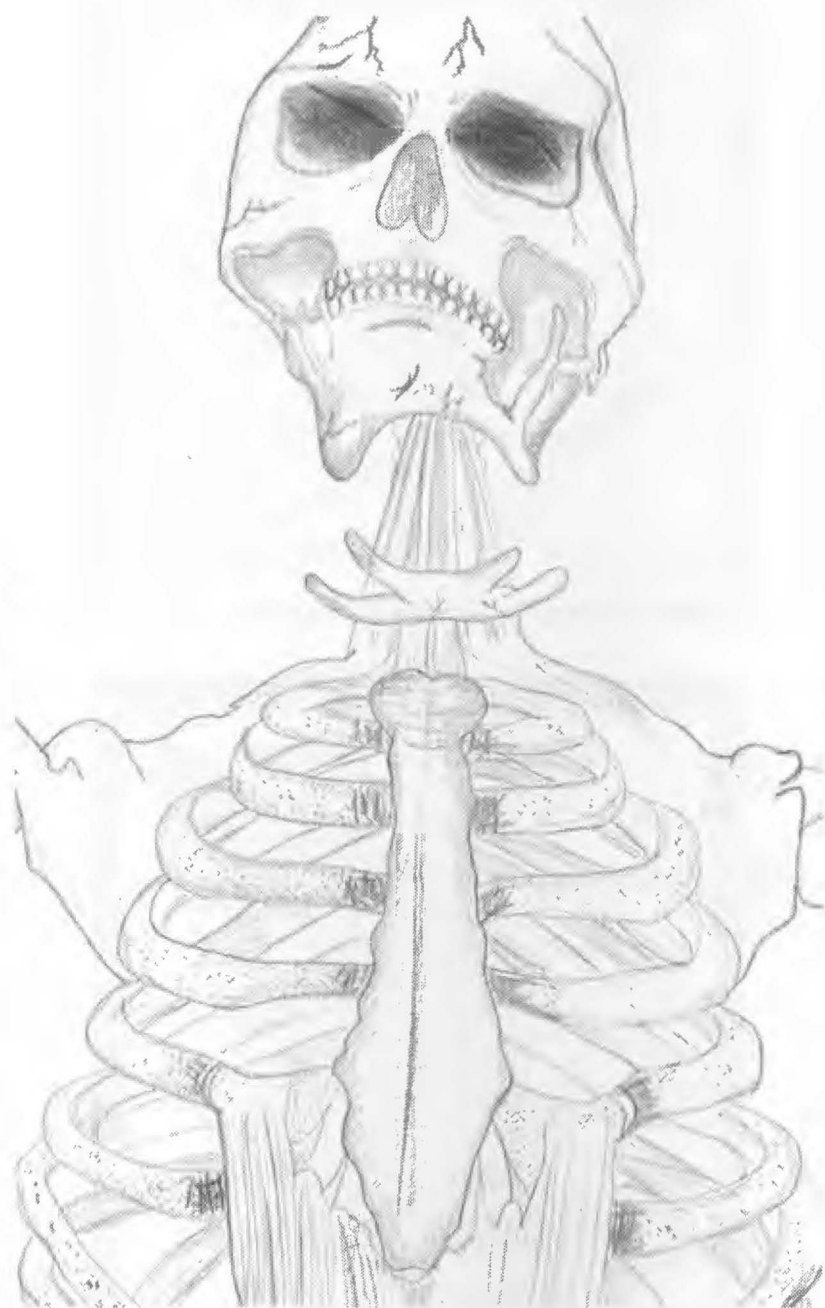
Kristina Catmen

## As I sit on the Boat in the middle of the night

As I sit on the Boat in the middle of the night,  
There is nothing in this universe I would try to fight.  
The scene makes me realize what a material world we live in.  
A scene as peaceful as this is where I should have always been.  
The waves from the ocean crashing against the side of the boat,  
What I would give to always be afloat.  
The moon lights up the entire sky.  
This adrenaline makes me appreciate being alive.  
So, as you can see,  
The most peaceful things in life are free.

Betsey Rodriguez





# Soldier

They are but pawns  
In a deadly game  
Played by leaders.

With faith as their guide  
They fight for a noble cause  
Which nobody knows.

They lack comprehension  
As well as meaning.

They leave peace behind  
Along with serenity  
And principals.

Their souls are bruised  
For all eternity.

Killing others,  
Distant brothers;  
Forced to hate,  
Killing their own innocence;

Destroying  
Rather than creating,  
And that which we create  
Destroys us.

The heavens above  
That ought to protect us  
Crush us beneath it surface.  
Who will save us from ourselves?

Jason Bergenfeld

# Faces faced with fears

Faces faced with fears,  
Wasted hope floods tears.  
For how many years  
Will peace cease to hear?

Thunderstorms of hunger,  
Israeli wars unnumbered,  
Truths barely muttered,  
Communication stays cluttered.

Add more deaths to print.  
Pride's deaf to a hint.  
Eyes stagnate through tint,  
Watching graves infinite.

Taught only to believe,  
Thus superiors lead.  
Going on eighteen,  
Thus must die to bleed.

One enemy ticks  
Sheltered safely in bricks.  
Peace talks equal tricks  
Like green trees turned sticks.

*Justin Obront*

## In our world **rocks** cause pain

In our world rocks cause pain,  
So many souls lost  
In pipes of glass,  
Skin turned gray,  
And burnt lips  
Speak whispering regret,  
Young men on corners  
And broken men in alleys,  
Both willing to die  
For poison,  
And no one seems to care.

Raul Cintron



# Waking up off my back

Waking up off my back,  
A single sun smiled down.  
I rise like a soldier  
Educated from battlegrounds.

Shades of gray appear cleared  
On a path will's paved.  
For all my past has feared,  
Somehow I've now embraced,

Seeking a newborn light.  
One positive perception  
Engulfed it, grasping tight  
Like a life threatening weapon.

Breathing life with purpose,  
Feeling blessed to be,  
For all waking worthless  
Trust in your ability.

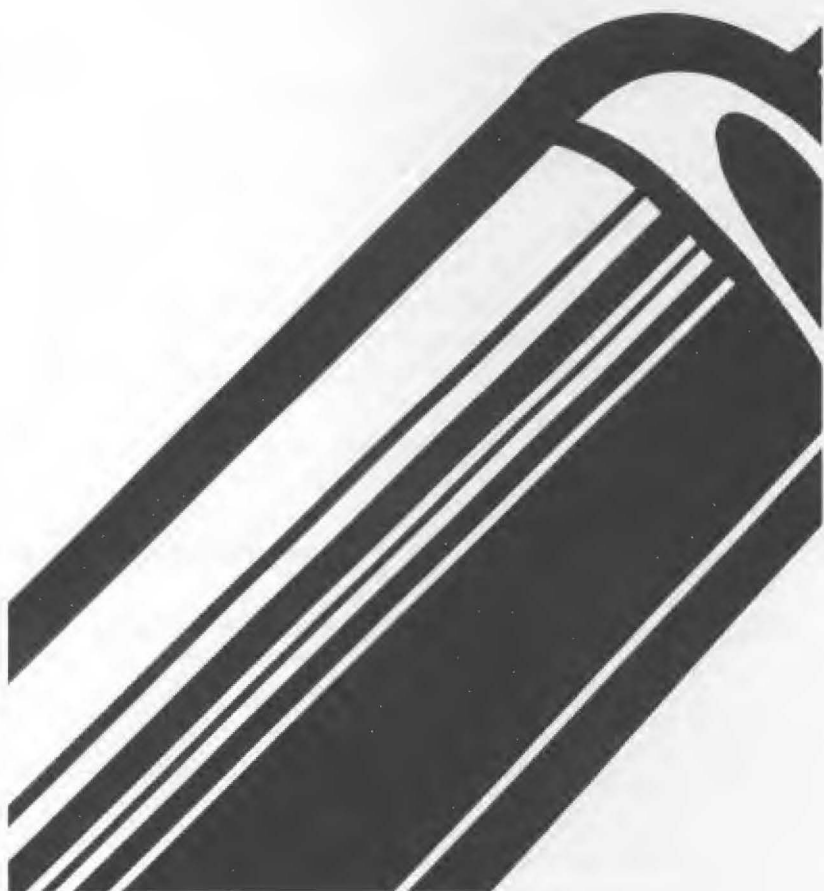
Justin Obront

## The Dark Side of White

The cold and bearded  
Heaven  
Portends to hurl his  
Scepter of levin,  
An atonement from  
The barb of a sheep.

Jeff Morgan





## The image of myself is dying

The image of myself is dying.  
The example of who  
I should be is not here.  
He never was.  
I was left with a shadow.  
A shadow to follow.  
A shadow to tell me  
Who I am.

Raul Cintron

## Lost in success

Lost in success,  
Opportunity was my downfall,  
And chances were my cancer.  
Adventure doomed me  
To live in mediocrity.  
New paths led me backwards,  
And now doubt is my only savior.

Raul Cintron

## I seek truth with clenched fists

I seek truth with clenched fists,  
Gazing at deception  
With three eyes  
All open.

Speaking dialects long forgotten  
While drawing lines  
In the sand,

Catching glimpses of the infinite  
But facing oblivion,  
I'm cursed with a painful love,  
Love for a questioned truth.

I'm scared  
Death is the only answer  
To my question.

Raul Cintron

# Night

On near horizon I see the darkness loom  
As night insidious closes, stealth its way,  
Night invidious predicates my doom.  
The black spectre will soon consume my day.

Night insidious closes, stealth its way,  
As I stare with wonder at the sunset glow.  
The black spectre's there to consume my day  
While, imperceptibly, my steps grow slow.

I wait in wonder for the sunset glow.  
Anticipating the dark, my sap dries  
And, imperceptibly, my steps grow slow.  
*There's more to do*, the boy within me cries!

Anticipating the dark, my sap dries,  
Yet alert, still, my mind asks, *Why?* and *How?*  
With more to do, the boy within me cries.  
Once fluid motion my body's awkward now,

Yet, alert still, my mind asks, *Why and how?*  
- Four score I count; what more can I assume?  
Once fluid motion, my body's awkward now.  
The Shade will block the sun that lights my room

- With four score known, what more can I assume?  
My day will turn to dusk, not long but soon,  
When the Shade will take the sun that lights my room,  
And those that light the night, the stars and moon.

My day will pass to dusk, not long but soon.  
While watching darkness on near horizon loom,  
I long for stars to light my night, or moon.  
Night, invidious, predicates my doom.

Gene Martel

## “Bleed and Blister”

**SETTING:** An insane asylum

**AT RISE:** PAULINA, a middle-aged woman, wearing only a nightgown, paces around the stage for few moments, stops, appears disoriented and worried; paces again, this time frenetic, like an animal trapped in a cage; suddenly, she stops, looks up, smiles broadly, then faces the audience. We hear Beethoven's “Moonlight Sonata” softly in the background.

PAULINA

The moment I hear the music blood flows hot through my veins. Just the sound of that first note, that's all it takes, and I'm off. I put on my ballet slippers. So soft against my skin. Love how they smell, how they look, especially how they feel. Good under the covers. Warm and safe. Now listen to me, doctor, every word. The morning after my honeymoon I slid out of bed, hit the floor on my toes . . . perfect position. Back arched, hands cupped above my head . . . I stared at myself in the mirror . . . for a long time I stared. Just stood there . . . in perfect position . . . staring at myself. “You're going to be somebody some day.” That's what I said over and over, doctor: “You're going to be somebody some day.” ‘Course, Sam told me I already was somebody. “You're my wife.” That's what he said, “You're my wife.” Over and over again. “You're my wife.”

When I was a little girl in Alabama, I'd sleep with my ballet slippers on. Everybody in Alabama sleeps with their shoes on, saves time in the mornin'. I'd wake up at exactly seven o'clock. That's when people in Alabama wake up. Any later than that and you might as well stay in bed all day. When Sam went to work, I'd watch him leave the driveway and then I'd twirl around the room. All by myself. All day. Dizzy, I mean I got very dizzy, but I kept on twirling. All around the house — in the hall, in the kitchen, garage, then outside in the front yard, then the backyard, down the street . . . twirling . . . not a care in the world. Until everything got fuzzy. The neighbors stared at me. They kept screaming at me to go inside and put some clothes on. They looked so mad. I remember once looking up at the sky. Oh, God, let me dance with the clouds. Let me go up there, just for a few hours. Let me go, God. The neighbors kept on screamin'. I kept on dancin'. And Sam, he kept on workin'. My feet ached so bad, I screamed at the top of my lungs. I felt powerful with those slippers on. You know what I'm saying, doctor? Powerful.

Practice. You get nowhere without practice . . . every day without fail. You must practice until your feet bleed and blister. Don't stop, not even for one second, you'll get out of shape. Eat the right foods, get plenty of sleep. But above all practice . . . practice . . . practice. Doctor, will you do something for me? Will you help me? Will you take me away from this place so I can practice again? They won't let me dance here. I want to twirl around my room again . . . stare at myself in the mirror. I need my ballet slippers. Please, doctor, where'd they put my goddamn slippers?! I want to feel the pain in my feet.

I want to scream at the top of my lungs again. Go get my ballet slippers. They're in my room at home . . . top drawer on the left. The pink ones. Go, please, go!

(SHE stares intently a few moments at the audience)

Why are you staring at me like that for God's sake? You look like the neighbors. You look like Sam! He's been staring at me like that for years now. What's the matter with all you people? Listen, they're in the top drawer. Go get them, please. Sam said I flushed my ballet slippers down the toilet. But he's lying, I know he is. People in Alabama don't flush ballet slippers down the toilet. It's against the law. If you bring me my ballet slippers, I'd have everything I could possibly need in life: a loving husband and two wonderful children who sit around all night and stare at me, all the money a person could possibly need, and my sweet Golden Retriever —Chance. Chance likes you, doctor, I can tell. His tail wags whenever I say doctor. "Hey, Chance, doctor!" Tail wags. Listen, do me a favor. When you get my ballet slippers, bring Chance back with you. I haven't fed him for so long . . . how long have I been here anyway? Chance used to help me put on my ballet slippers in the morning. So did Sam . . . a few times. I don't know what I'd do without Chance. He's so loyal and loving. He says, "Paulina, dance for me." And I dance around the room. How do I look? Beautiful, he says, absolutely beautiful. And so I keep on dancing and dancing . . . and dancing . . . and Chance barks . . . and barks . . . people in the neighborhood stare. Know what, doctor? Sometimes I think the whole goddamn state of Alabama's staring at me. Sweat rolls down my body. My feet and legs glisten in the sun. "Dance!" Chance barks, "dance." I dance all day . . . it gets dark and I dance under the moon. Sam's still at work. My feet feel strong . . . perfect arches . . . perfect position. Hands high above my head. Powerful!

I'm going to scream at the top of my lungs now, doctor. I can feel it comin' on. I can feel that aching in my arches again . . . comin' on, doctor. Yes, oh God, I feel it! You have to go now. No visitors after 10 o'clock. Hug Sam and the kids for me. Sam? Yes, Sam, my husband. Sam. Kiss me all over. Kiss my legs. Kiss my feet. Kiss my strong arches. Doctor, please you must bring me my slippers. Top drawer. And please be careful. I've had them since I was a little girl. Same slippers I wore when that ballet company from Atlanta asked me to travel around the country with them. Seven years old. They called me their prima ballerina. Papa called me . . . home. Didn't want me traipsing around the country staying in strange places. I mean, what would it look like, little Jewish girl being with all those strangers. But I wanted to go so bad. I wanted it so bad, doctor, I could taste it. But Papa called me home. "You stay home, Paulina, that's where you belong." And so I stayed home. Danced alone in my bedroom. And then one day I met Sam. And then I had children. Beautiful children, doctor. And smart. Not like me. Hurry now, doctor. Go get 'em. You can help me put them on . . . you and Chance. Hurry. I need to practice. i have my recital in the morning. Everybody will be there. Everybody.

(PAULINA appears disoriented again, looking around for something . . . anything. After a few moments, SHE looks up, smiles broadly, gracefully slips out of her nightgown, rises on her toes, and extends her arms upward as far as she can. MUSIC of "Moonlight Sonata" RISES a few moments, then LIGHTS and MUSIC FADE, as SHE continues reaching for the sky)

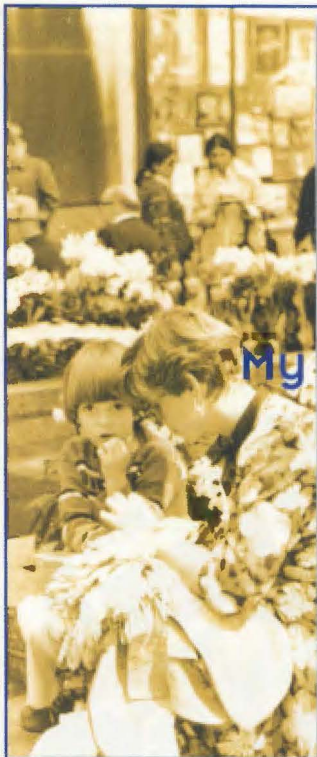
David Fleisher

David Fleisher

Quest 2001

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FOOD *for* THOUGHT

## Feeding Grounds

*My smiles are True now*

*Water falling  
from streams*

H a p p y  
b y M o m

PERCEPTIONS  
*Perceptions*

I seek  
t r u t h with clenched fists

Plastic *Love*

Waking *up* off my back

*Faces faced with fears*



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